

1½d.

# Daily Mirror



See pages 2 and 16.

No. 286.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## SUDDEN DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM HAROURT.



Mr. L. V. HAROURT, M.P.



By the death of Sir William Harcourt, which took place at his residence at Nuneham, Oxfordshire, the political world loses one of its great men and most notable representatives. The Liberal Party mourns the loss of one who was not only a great administrator, but a statesman of unique experience, a doughty fighter, and a tactician of the first rank. Sir William was seventy-seven years of age, and entered Parliament in 1868 as member for Oxford. The large portrait was one of the latest taken of the distinguished statesman. On top is a photograph of Mr. L. V. Harcourt, M.P., Sir William's son and heir. Below is seen a photograph of the deceased statesman in his robes when he held office as Chancellor of the Exchequer.—(Photographs by Elliott and Fry and Reginald Haines.)

shire, Yorkshire, the wife of 17, 37, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mackintosh, of a daughter.

#### MARRIAGES.

LL-WILSON.—On September 23, at 13, Ann-street, Edin-  
burgh, Robert George Biddle, M.R.  
S.A., D.P.H., Rutherford, to Annie, daughter of  
late James Wilson, Esq.

HARMAN.—On September 22, at Christ Church,  
Worthing, Major Edmund Smith, R.F.A., to Lilian  
daughter of Colonel G. E. Harman, late of the  
Rangers.

#### DEATHS.

—On September 30, at No. 100, Victoria-street,  
Worthing, Sir Walter Joseph Watson, Baronet, aged 68.  
WANLEY.—On September 29, at 32, Nicia-road,  
Waltham Common, Kathleen Julia, youngest child of  
and Florence Winstanley, aged 3 years and 4  
months.

#### PERSONAL.

TR.—Never mind the parakeet. Ravenscourt Park.  
ADOLPH.

—No luck at all. Unless I hear from you, shall  
up the whole thing—D. S. reflection, a Friday engagement won't do.  
WEDNESDAY DELAYED Saturday. Hope you get  
all right. Will write.—BARNACLES.

FOR THE MILLION.—Composers of high-class and popular  
music might find it advantageous to communicate  
with the Music Editor, "Daily Mirror," Carmelite-street, E.C.

EMPLOYMENT INQUIRY.—Author of "Guide to Employ-  
ment" would like to communicate with anyone having  
knowledge of the working of private inquiry office or  
shops.—Apply in confidence, Box 1559, "Daily Mirror,"  
Carmelite-street, E.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The above advertisements are received up to 6 p.m.,  
are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and  
one word afterwards. Letters can be sent to the office  
of the "Daily Mirror" at 2, Carmelite-street, E.C. Trade advertisements in  
the "Daily Column," eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word  
extra. Address: Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-  
street, London.

#### THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

S. MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. TREE, TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, 8.20 punctually,  
Shakespeare's Comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing."  
INTER EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.  
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open 10 to 10.

JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER will appear, TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at  
precisely 8 p.m. from the story of  
Mrs. Miles. Purser by Sydney Grundy.  
THE GARDEN OF LIES.  
INTER EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRE,  
WILLINGTON THEATRE, Tel. 1006 Hop.—  
NIGHT, at 7.45, MAT. THURSDAY, 2.30.  
MISS OLGA NETHERSOLO and Co.  
DAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS and THURSDAY

—THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.—  
etherole's first appearance in London in this play,  
DAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, "SAPHOR,"  
THURSDAY "MAGDA."

ONET THEATRE, Tel. 123 Kens.—  
NIGHT, at 8, MAT. SAT. 2.30. Miss JULIA  
ON, Mr. FRED TERRY, and their London Co. in  
DAY. With all the original scenery, furniture, and

EDEN THEATRE, Tel. 322 K.C.—  
TO-NIGHT, at 8, MAT. SAT. 2.30. The Successful  
Opera, "MY LADY MOLLY."

CROWN THEATRE, Peckham, Tel. 412 Hop.—  
TO-NIGHT, at 7.45, MAT. WED. 2.15. Mr.  
ALBERT ARTHUR'S CO. in the Spectacular Mu-  
dra, "ONE OF THE BEST."

THE OXFORD.—THE FIGHTING PARSON,  
by George Gray and Co. Nellie Wallace, Bella and  
Quenia Leighton, THE BELLE OF BRIBIE,  
FANNIE Fields, JULIA BARD, KELLY and GIL-  
BERT, and other stars. Open 7.25. SATURDAY  
TEENES at 2.30.—Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

#### AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TO-DAY.

OPENING SIX O'CLOCK PROM. CONCERTS,  
lute, Miss JESSE, DURACK and Mr. FREDERIC

WHITE, and RANALOW.

WHAT BECAME OF MRS. RACKETT? in Thebes,

and 8.0. Maxine's Flying Machine, Military Bands

and Railway, Water Chute, Raptops, and other

attractions.

Miss J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

SIXTH LONDON SEASON.

OLYTECHNIC, REGENT-STREET, W.

DAILY, 3. COMMENCING MONDAY, October 3.

Grand Naval and Military Entertainment

and OUR ARMY.

ENTIRELY NEW Programme.

An Enormous Success.—Vide Press.

enwich Boys present To-day. Wartime. Boys Oct. 5.

Rehearsal Seats, 5s., 10s., unsreserved, 2s. and 1s.

Seats booked at Polytechnic and usual Agents.

REMONADE CONCERTS.—QUEEN'S HALL.

EVERY EVENING at 6.

Queen's Hall Orchestra.

Conductor—Mr. Henry J. Wood.

Tickets, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

QUEEN'S HALL, Queen's Hall Orchestra (Ltd.), 320, Regent-street.

ROBERT NEWMAN, Manager.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

THE "KILTIES" BAND OF CANADA.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.

MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 3.

GRAND PROMENADE and SMOKING.

Tickets, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 7s. 6d.; boxes from £1 1s.

RAINY SHOW.

ADVENTURE HALL, ISLINGTON.

TO-MORROW and TILL FRIDAY.

CATTLE, POULTRY, PIGEONS.

AIRY PRODUCE, FISH, FRESH MEATS, ETC.

BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS AFTERNOON and

EVENING.

TO-MORROW and TILL FRIDAY.

Admission, first day, 1s.; till 10 p.m., 2s. 6d.

(Postbox Dept. not open before one o'clock.)

ONE SHILLING from 6 till 10 p.m.

# Living Photographs

To those who do not possess  
coloured and realistic portraits  
of their beloved ones the "Daily  
Mirror" is offering

## BEAUTIFUL, HIGH-CLASS

# MINIATURES

EXQUISITELY FINISHED IN WATER  
COLOURS, GIVING A HIGHLY  
POLISHED IVORY EFFECT, AND  
MOUNTED IN THE BEST ROLLED GOLD

## PENDANTS AND BROOCHES

(Guaranteed Permanent and Life-like).

2/II Postage 2d. extra 3/3

SPECIMENS OF THESE BEAUTIFUL  
ORNAMENTS ARE SHOWN ON Page 16

### WHY THERE IS A MINIATURE CRAZE.

Can any portrait that does not produce the colouring of the beloved one, her lovely complexion tints, her glossy hair, her speaking eyes and cherry lips, be as entralling as one that does? Most assuredly not, and that is why miniatures are always so greatly prized; far and away more so, indeed, than the best photograph in the world.

Until now their price has been so prohibitive that only the privileged few have been able to purchase them. In making this exceptional offer to its readers the "Daily Mirror" hopes to bring the Miniature within everybody's reach.

### CALL AND SEE ONE

At our West End Office, 45, New Bond Street. You can leave  
your photograph at the same time.

### HOW TO SEND FOR THE MINIATURES.

When sending for the "Daily Mirror" Brooch or Pendant all you have to do is to cut out the coupon below and enclose photograph and particulars as to colour of hair, eyes, complexion, and dress. We do not trouble you for sittings. You send your photograph, we do the rest. The photograph will be returned uninjured. Each miniature is packed in a velvet-satin lined case, which is presented free of cost. All photographs and postal orders to be crossed Coutts & Co. and to be sent to the Miniature Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C.

Please send the "Daily Mirror".

[Here state whether you require Brooch or Pendant.]

Name.

Address.

Colour of Hair.

Colour of Eyes.

Complexion.

Dress.

Newton.

IRON AND WOOD BUILDINGS, Conservatories, Green-

houses, Cucumber Frames, Lights, Poultry Appliances,

Rustic Houses, Vases, Seats of every description, Glass, Tim-

ber, Heating Apparatus; cheapened prices, 1s. 6d. to £100.

TRADE and Domestic, 73, Old Kent-rd, London.

LADY SERVANTLESS FIVE TWELVE IRONABLE invaluable; keeps

hands clean and white; post free, 1s. 6d.—Holland,

102, Tollington Park, London.

LARGE Assortment of new and second-hand Leather

Trunks to be sold cheap.—Wester, 107, Charing Cross-  
rd, E.C.

NOTEBOOK. 5 quires (120 sheets), good quality, nicely

printed with customer's own address heading in any

colour post free, 1s. 6d.—Langley and Sons, Euston Works,

George-8, London.

PATENT WATCH—Great precision; 300 brocades and silks

1s. 2d. Dept. 3, 57, Fortune-gate, Haresden.

POSTCARD ALBUMS, dark green leather, real Japan

bindings, to hold 500 five hundred cards, post free;

"MOUNTAIN" POSTCARD ALBUMS, over 16,000

supplied on approval, none returned;—testimonials daily.

See illustration "Daily Mirror" very last.—George Tap-

ling, 107, Charing Cross-rd, London.

READING Cases (useful and handsome); will hold six

copies of the "Daily Mirror"; 1s. each, post free

1s. 6d.—Post to orders to 2, Carmelite-st, London, E.C.

REMINISCENCE.—Splendid condition; £7.2.2.

REMINISCENCE.—Splendid condition; £7.2.2.

STAMPS.—SARAWAK, six; TRINIDAD, Transvaal, Ceylon,

Pern, Morocco, Turkey, Reunion; 30 varieties 6d.—

T. W. WOOD, 107, Charing Cross-rd, London.

TABLE Linen: bankruptcy stock; unprecedented value;

2 21/2 yd. double damask Tablecloths 2 3/2 d. ditto and

12 Serviettes, lot only 25s. 6d.; guaranteed Irish manu-

facture;—approval—Emmanuel, Bankruptcy Association, 31,

Chancery-ld.

TYPEWRITER.—Royal Barlock, No. 10, absolutely new,

never used, £16; also 9s. 9d. slightly used, £10; or

22s. the two.—Address "Barlock," at Newcastle, 6, Cheapside.

PAWNBROKER'S SALE.

9/6. GENT'S MAGNIFICENT 18-CARAT gold-cased

CHRONOGRAPH SAILOR WATCH, jewelled movement;

10 years written warranty; also 18-carat gold (stamped)

filled double Curb Albert, Seal attached; guaranteed 15 years; wear; worth £2 2s.; three

together;—splendid condition;—approval—

9/6. LADY'S HANDSOME 18-CARAT gold-cased KEYLESS

WATCH; jewelled movement; excellent condition;—approval—

17/6. LADY'S 6s. solid gold (stamped) KEYLESS

WATCH; 10 rubies; 10 diamonds; 10 sapphires; 10 emeralds; 10

corals; 10 pearls; 10 diamonds; 10 sapphires; 10 emeralds; 10

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Port Arthur Will Fight to the Finish.

## TALES OF THE SIEGE.

How Men Are Driven Mad by Horror.

From Tokio it is reported that a Japanese gun has been sunk by a mine of Port Arthur, but details are lacking.

Fighting continues at Port Arthur, and recently the Russians have made unsuccessful sorties to the west of the peninsula. The losses on both sides are terrible, but General Stoessel asserts that he will hold the town to the last.

Secrecy still covers the movements of the rival armies near Mukden, but General Kuropatkin is said to have arrived at Tieling.

### RUSSIAN FLEET ORDERED OUT.

Confirmation has been received by a French paper that Admiral Wires has been instructed to make a sortie from Port Arthur, even at the risk of the ruin of his squadron.

### WILL HOLD OUT TO THE LAST.

It has been suggested that Russia's military honour having been vindicated by the heroic defence, the time for surrender has arrived. General Stoessel, however, approached regarding capitulation, is as adamant in his determination to hold the town to the very last.

### RUSSIANS ON THE AGGRESSIVE.

Messages from Chifu show that the Russians assumed the aggressions on September 28 and 29 to the west of the fortress near Pigeon Bay.

They made several sorties in considerable force, dragging their field artillery with them, but their attacks were unsuccessful.

In the battle on the 22nd five coolies were walking in the centre of the town when a shell killed three and wounded the other two.

The Russian ships remained silent during the battle, and the merchant ships in the harbour were turned into hospitals as the result of the fight.

The dead were so numerous that no estimate could be formed of the number by the burial parties.

Chinese are compelled to bury the dead during the night on account of the Japanese fire.

Since the battle both sides have been shelling each other daily.

### WATCHING VLADIVOSTOK.

Admiral Kamimura's squadron has been observed in the neighbourhood of Vladivostok lately, and the Russians expect that the town will shortly be besieged.

### DRIVEN MAD IN BATTLE.

Terrible stories are told of soldiers driven mad by battle horrors. One reads,

"Into the Tomsk Municipal Hospital is carried a wounded man of middle age. He is covered with knife wounds, one in the chest, another in the side, and two in the stomach, the latter so deep that his internal organs are visible."

"Paying no attention to his injuries he continues to relate triumphantly how he has destroyed a whole Japanese corps. He looks fearfully around."

"What are you afraid of?" asks the doctor.

"The Japanese army is after me, they want vengeance. Save me!"

"Another madman thinks he is the Tsar, and bestows decorations of tinfoil on his keeper. This man rushed into battle at Wafangtien shouting 'Follow your Tsar—Batinshka, brave subjects!'

"During the earlier fighting around Liao-ying two lunatics escaped and went over to the Japanese. They were sent back next morning under the white flag."

### RUSSIAN ARSENAL ABLAZE.

Great Loss of Property and Life at the Magazines of Sebastopol.

Sebastopol has been the scene of a further disaster to Russia, accompanied, it is feared, by considerable loss of life.

The magazines containing the shells and ammunition of the 13th Artillery Brigade caught fire on Saturday, and the conflagration was only subdued by the united efforts of the entire garrison, assisted by men from the warships in harbour.

Only one explosion took place, but this was terrible in its effect, though no exact estimate of the number of the killed and injured has yet been arrived at.

Sebastopol is Russia's chief naval station on the Black Sea, and figures largely in English history as the scene of the heroic assaults of the French and English armies in 1854.

King, accompanied by Prince Arthur of Connaught and Prince Francis of Teck, drove in a carriage to Crathie Parish Church yesterday, and was in Highland dress.

Young Mother Makes an Awful Discovery.

### CRIPPLED UNCLE MISSING.

Tottenham was shocked yesterday by the discovery of a most inhuman crime.

At No. 10, Bromley-road, young Mrs. Copland at breakfast time found her baby boy, aged four months, with his head smashed in by a poker. All day yesterday the police were searching for the uncle of the boy. He is a half-paralysed cripple, aged twenty-four, and is suspected of the murder.

A weakling from birth, the cripple has been looked after by his family despite their humble circumstances. His brother, a fireman, kept the home together.

On Saturday night the missing man went out with his sweetheart, Miss Samwell, for a walk, and after taking her indoors procured some stout for her, for a Mrs. Myers, her grandmother, and for himself. On drinking the stout Miss Samwell and Mrs. Myers noticed that it seemed to burn their throats. Later both of them were ill, and Miss Samwell was indisposed throughout yesterday and had a doctor in attendance. Poison is suspected.

After this he appears to have gone home as usual.

Probably the tragedy took place about five minutes to eight yesterday morning, when the young mother, having gone to the kitchen to prepare breakfast, heard someone enter her room.

Nothing was thought of this until, on calling the crippled brother to breakfast no answer was received.

Going to her bedroom Mrs. Copland found the baby with its head crushed in by a terrible blow, and before the doctor could be brought the child was dead.

Search for Albert Holmes, the cripple, was futile. He had been seen walking in the direction of the River Lea shortly before nine o'clock.

### GREETINGS ACROSS WAVES.

Lady Curzon's Mother Sends Wireless Inquiries.

Lady Curzon is much better, and is looking forward to the arrival of her American relatives.

The Red Star liner Vaderland, with Mrs. Leiter and her daughter on board, entered the English Channel last night, and the vessel is expected to reach Dover about ten o'clock this morning.

Lord Curzon has ordered a special train to be on the Prince of Wales's Pier to convey Lady Curzon's mother and sister to Walmer Castle.

Wireless communications passed between Walmer Castle and Mrs. Leiter when the Vaderland was forty-five miles west of the Lizard.

The vessel was encountering a heavy gale and rainstorm, which it was said would seriously hinder her progress up the Channel.

At Walmer Castle last night it was stated that Lady Curzon was making steady progress. She had passed another good day and was able to take nourishment well.

A later unofficial report stated that Lady Curzon was out of danger.

### SEAMAN'S ALARMING MISTAKE.

Twelve-inch Projectile Fired at the Greek Minister of Marine.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ATHENS, Monday, September 26.—While firing practice was being carried out by the Mediterranean Squadron in the Gulf of Egina, the target being a rock, a newly-joined seaman on the Montagu tested the electrical firing apparatus of one of the huge twelve-inch guns, in the breach of which, unknown to him, was a shell which had missed fire.

Immediately the gun was discharged with a terrific concussion.

The enormous projectile hurtled over several miles of sea, passed right above the head of the Greek Minister of Marine, who had been watching the practice, and finally struck the water about 300 yards from the battleship Queen.

The Minister, who occupied a launch, did not wait to make inquiries, but beat a hasty retreat to the neighbouring island of Poros, whither a message was subsequently dispatched by the Commander-in-Chief apologising for the alarming occurrence.

### NO BATTLESHIP FOR MR. KRUGER.

AMSTERDAM, Saturday.—The remains of the late Mr. Kruger will not be conveyed to South Africa on a warship, as has been stated, but on the steamer Batavier IV., of the Batavier Line. The Batavier IV. will probably start some time in November.—Reuter.

### BULLET-PROOF BREAST-PLATES.

ROME, Sunday.—Japan having ordered 200,000 bullet-proof breast-plates from the Benedicti firm, Russia has also given an order for 100,000; but the latter is subject to alteration.—Exchange.

Britons' Curiosity Leads to a Nasty Meal.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sunday Night.—Horseflesh may appeal to Frenchmen, but Englishmen do not like it.

As they had heard a great deal about this form of meat diet, four Britons made up their minds to taste horse-beef, and last night sat down to a special dinner in a restaurant at Montmartre.

This was the menu:—

Mules' Brains, with Brown Butter.  
Donkey Cutlets and French Beans.  
Roast Boned Sirloin of Horse and Fried Potatoes.  
Mules' Marrow Bones on Toast.

The bouillon was very watery, the flavour of the vegetables predominating. The mules' brains were voted excellent, and it was stated that they frequently take the place of calves' brains in Parisian restaurants.

Disappointment, however, attended the sirloin of horse, which was served underdone, and presented an uninviting, blue appearance. The flesh was stringy, and the small amount of fat upon it looked rancid and repugnant.

Only one of the Englishmen made any pretence to enjoy his dinner, and afterwards they all adjourned to a neighboring restaurant, where they frequently relished a substantial meal of ordinary beef and mutton.

### QUEEN AS GOOD FAIRY.

How Her Majesty Atoned for Frightening a Little Girl.

PARIS, Sunday.—The "Figaro" states that Queen Alexandra will arrive in Paris on the 15th inst. from Copenhagen, and will proceed to Calais on her way back to England.—Reuter.

An interesting story of the Queen's visit comes from Berlin. Her Majesty and Princess Victoria were out walking when it began to rain. The Queen, born in these northern climes, had not gone out without a mackintosh, and the Princess was similarly equipped.

But the rain came down harder still, and the Queen with her following pulled the hoods of their mackintoshes over their heads.

The rain increased, however, so that, despite all protection, the Queen had to seek shelter. She knocked at the door of a peasant's cottage. It was opened by a little girl, and the ladies entered hurriedly. The child eyed them with an awfully dreadful, and fled to her parents out in the fields. She told them the house was filled with spires, and spoke about the strange and awesome head-covering of these mysterious visitors.

It was only after the rain had ceased and the path had gone that the simple cottagers found a little note in the sugar-bowl lying on their table.

It contained a 10-kronen note, worth about eleven shillings, and the note said that it was a present from the Queen of England to the little girl.

### DOGS AT TABLE.

Ladies and Servants Fly Them with Dainties.

NEW YORK, Sunday.—The "New York World" correspondent at Newport (Rhode Island) describes a dinner given by Mrs. Harry Lehr in honour of the birthday of Mrs. Lehr's Pomeranian pet dog, "the Mighty Atom."

Seven dogs were present; each was placed in a high chair and served with cutlets and sausages by five butlers, who were assisted by the fair owners of the dogs, seats being provided for the ladies behind the canines.

The menu also included salads, ice cream, and chocolates. A birthday cake, of the regulation type and illuminated by three candles, was provided, with the words, "Mighty Atom, three years" inscribed upon it.—Laffan.

### £250,000 LOST TO WORKERS.

Nearly a quarter of a million, which would have formed wages for East End workers during the approaching winter, has been lost, it is estimated, through the difference between Messrs. Yarrow and their men leading to a great protest-boat contract from the Austrian Government having to be sublet to a Trieste shipyard.

One of the chief officials at Messrs. Yarrow's works at Poplar stated on Saturday that, as a result of the work going abroad, there would be employment for some 2,000 or 3,000 fewer men at their works during the winter.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Fresh north-easterly winds; dull and rainy at first, weather improving by afternoon; cold.

Lighting-up time: 6:33 p.m.  
Sea passages will be rather rough in the south and east, moderate in the west.

Sir William Harcourt Passes

Away in Sleep.

### SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

Sir William Harcourt is dead. Early on Saturday morning the great Liberal leader breathed his last at his home at Nuneham-on-Thames.

To the outside world the news of his death cannot but be painfully sudden, for not a hint of indisposition had gone forth. To his own family it was an utterly unexpected blow. No one stood at his bedside when he passed away.

Overnight he had retired to rest without any complaint of illness. He had been suffering from a slight cold, but no importance was attached to this.

At nine o'clock on Saturday morning a servant knocked at Sir William's bedroom door. There was no answer, and the man entered to discover that his master was lying dead. Death had come in its most peaceful form. The veteran that it had claimed had some few hours before quietly put his head on his pillow, and nature's sleep had gently merged into the long sleep in the late hours of the morning.

So in this strangely, pathetically gentle way a most strenuous life had ended.

### A TERRIBLE SHOCK.

Of the family only Lady Harcourt was at Nuneham. She had driven out with her husband only two days before. To her the shock was terrible. Mr. L. V. Harcourt and Mr. Robert Harcourt were telegraphed for. They were told that their father was seriously ill. When they arrived at Nuneham Station the news was broken to them by the doctor for whose medical skill there had been no opportunity. Later in the day Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, whose attachment to his father used to bring him to the House of Commons to listen to every "fighting speech" performed the sad duty belonging to the eldest son of announcing to friends and sympathetic inquirers the details of what had happened. It was known, he said, that his father had a weak heart. He had died from heart failure.

Sir William Harcourt's death took place within a fortnight of his completing his seventy-seventh year.

He was born on October 14, 1827, being the son of the late Canon Vernon Harcourt, owner of Nuneham Park. But he was a younger son, who had to win his way in the world.

His greatest university distinction came in 1860 when he was elected Whewell Professor of International Law at Cambridge.

### £17,000 A YEAR FROM LAW.

But before this he had already become famous. He had built up a huge practice at the Parliamentary Bar, a practice that brought him in £17,000 a year; had written the brilliant "Historicus" letters in the "Times"; was regarded as the foremost authority on international law; had become a Queen's counsel, and had entered Parliament in 1868, after making an unsuccessful attempt in 1859.

It is said that Mr. Disraeli cast envious eyes on this brilliant young recruit. Mr. Disraeli warned him, but Mr. Gladstone got him. The new star stuck to the Liberal principles that seemed at first incongruous in a man who had such pride of birth, and it was from Mr. Gladstone that he received office—the post of Solicitor-General—five years after he entered Parliament.

As Home Secretary, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, as the man who could be even depended upon to fling defiance at the enemy in debate, Sir William Harcourt—he had taken the only title, a knighthood, that his pride of Plantagenet blood would allow when he was Solicitor-General—was as successful as a man of the greatest ambition could hope to be.

### LORD ROSEBERRY AND SIR WILLIAM.

The first set-back in his career took place when the chief, to whom he had devoted himself, retired. It was not Sir William Harcourt on whom, as so many expected, the mantle of Premiership descended, but on Lord Rosebery, the brilliant young peer, who, to make the disappointment keener, had been for some time Sir William's Under-Secretary.

After the Rosebery Premiership Sir William Harcourt was the "old war horse," the man who could still produce great Budgets, the inventor of the death duties, and as such blessed by succeeding Chancellors, but no longer the hope and second glory of the Radicals.

"Mr. Punch's" man with the endless double chins would ever live in the affectionate memories of his countrymen for his smart sayings and his wit, even if his Budgets were forgotten. Here are some of the most famous of his "bon mots."

To his brother, who was once chaffing him about having no "landed ideas," he retorted: "You have the land, and I have the ideas."

He was once dining at Lord Beaconsfield's house, and taking Lady Beaconsfield down to dinner. Pointing to a statue of Venus in which the charms

(Continued on page 10.)

dead and Buried Man  
Proved Alive.

## EEEN IN THE "MIRROR."

otographs appearing in the *Mirror* are serving uses than that of entertaining our readers. During the past few days these pictures have been the means of restoring missing people to their friends.

ow a man supposed to be dead has been found, to the satisfaction of his brother, to be through the publication in the *Mirror* of a photograph in a Salvation Army shelter group.

At the beginning of the present year William Currie, jun., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, was understood to have been buried after being found dead on the road close to Morecambe. His pocket was a bit of paper, on which was written:—

Dear Father—I am going home.

appeared at Christmas.

narrating the strange story to a *Mirror* representative yesterday, Mr. Milton L. Currie, of another brother of the missing man, said:

My brother stayed with me at Charlton over Christmas, 1902. He walked out of the house at end of his holiday and entirely disappeared.

Efforts to find him proved useless.

At last the assistance of Scotland Yard was obtained, and he was traced to Newcastle, Alnwick, and finally to Morecambe. Here the scene took place:—

It was shortly afterwards that he was supposed to have been found frozen to death.

### mong Homeless Men.

His photo was sent to the Morecambe authorities, but by that time he was buried, and the authorities said that, though it was very like him, they could not positively say it was he.

"My father, however, declared the scroll on the paper was his son's handwriting, and has since mourned him as dead. From that time till last Thursday nothing was seen or heard of him."

"At breakfast that morning I opened my *Mirror*, and there, in a group of homeless men in the Blackfriars Salvation Army shelter, I saw my brother's face."

"Personally I never believed him dead, but it was a great joy to me, as well as to my father, to know he was actually alive."

I now urge him to communicate with me at Ashburnham-road, Belvedere, Kent; or with Father, W. C. Currie, 45, Pachean-street, Newgate-Tyne."

The missing man's description is given by Mr. Currie as follows:—

Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; reasonably broad; has rather dark brown hair and moustache; eyes a dark grey.

### NOTED SPORTSMAN DEAD.

General Owen Williams, Who Kept Racehorses and Monkeys.

General Owen Williams died at his residence, Temple House, Great Marlow, yesterday morning, aged sixty-eight years.

As Equerry to the King (then Prince of Wales), General Williams accompanied his Majesty on his Indian tour in 1875-6, and the couches, tables, and chairs which adorned the hall at Temple House were souvenirs of the journey in which the General secured from the Serapis, in which the voyage was made.

The General took great interest in coaching and horse-racing, but was not particularly lucky on the Turf. He was, however, a keen judge of horses and dogs, and at one time an army of monkeys, and even a tiger, formed part of the live stock of his household.

General Williams was gifted with a certain kind of cracked wit, was an omnivorous book-reader, and played cards for high stakes, or not at all.

### GIRL ARRESTED FOR MURDER.

On his way home from Southend to Prudential late on Saturday night William Owen, aged about twenty-four, met a girl with whom he is believed to have lived.

They quarrelled, and the girl is alleged to have stabbed Owen. The wound was dressed and the man went home, but later he had to be taken to the Victoria Hospital, where he died.

The girl was arrested, and will be charged with murder to-day.

### THEATRE AUDIENCE SINGS A HYMN.

There was an impressive scene at Swansea Grand Theatre on Saturday night, the audience at the close of Sir Henry Irving's performance singing "Lead, Kindly Light."

Sir Henry, appearing before the curtain, said the beautiful melody would haun him to his dying day, and would be a most precious remembrance.

### "His Highness My Husband" at the Comedy.

A complete success on Saturday night, at the Comedy Theatre, was "His Highness My Husband," a fantastic comedy in three acts, adapted from the French "Xanof and Chancel," by Mr. William Boosey.

Unlike most adaptations from the French, "His Highness My Husband" is not in the least unintelligible; and, in common with many plays based upon French originals, it is deftly constructed, and contains some very excellent parts.

The plot of the comedy turns upon the almost impossible situation in which the Prince Consort finds himself in the diminutive principality of Corazona, which is not to be located on any atlas.

For diplomatic reasons he (Prince Cyril) is wedded to Queen Sonia of Corazona, and after a time resolves to leave her "for ever," because her Majesty asserts her authority too often for a loving husband's toleration.

But the whispered news that the principality will not long be without an heir to its throne finally persuades the Prince that he really ought to stay with the Queen, who now promises to share equally with him the reigning honours.

The seal of success was set upon the play by the enthusiastic reception that was given to a critical scene at the conclusion of the second act, which was quite admirably acted by Mr. Leonard Boyne as Prince Cyril and Miss Miriam Clements as Sonia, the Queen of the small and, one may say, Ruritanian principality of Corazona.

Delightful, also, was the performance given by Miss Lottie Venn as the Queen's aunt, Xenofa, who, having buried already three husbands, was perfectly prepared to welcome a fourth, and, having found that Sander (Lieutenant of the Queen's Guard) was too respectful for her advanced tastes, declared that she was "sick of novices," and fixed her affections on the extremely dissipated ex-King of Ingra—a part interpreted with unfailing skill and humour by Mr. Eric Lewis.

The play was excellently dressed and put upon the stage, and the minor parts, of which there were many, were all quite adequately filled.

### BOY CONDUCTS THE "KILTIES."

Little Max Darewski's Triumph at the Albert Hall.

With the self-possession of one five times his age Little Max Darewski conducted the famous "Kilties" band while they played two of his own compositions at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon.

Enthusiastic praise was showered upon the child composer after the first piece, "England's Crown," had been played. The great audience wildly cheered and recalled him twice. He wielded the conductor's baton a second time for "The Kilties," a march which he had composed specially for the occasion, and again aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

Many ladies in the audience were so enraptured with the boy that they took him on their knees and fondled him. His dark eyes flashed with pleasure at his great reception, and he confided to one of his fair admirers that music never made him tired. "But I would rather be a great pianist than a great conductor," he said, referring to his triumph with the baton.

Led to the front of the platform at the end of the performance, little Max stood with the hand of the band's conductor on his shoulder, while Mr. Robinson described him as a boy wonder with a great future.

### WORLD'S RECORD MOTOR RUN.

Fifteen-horse Power Car Driven 2,391 Miles.

In beating the world's record for a non-stop motor-car run by covering 2,391 miles on a 15-horse power Daimler, Mr. Archibald Ford has accomplished a remarkable performance which, it is agreed, will be very hard to beat.

Travel-stained, and looking very tired, Mr. Ford and his companions completed their long journey at last—five minutes past ten on Saturday night.

They had started on the morning of Friday, September 23, from Liverpool with the intention of breaking the world's record, which then stood at 2,350 miles, and this had been accomplished at the end of 204 hours.

The strain told very greatly on the driver during the last stretch of the run, but Mr. Ford stuck determinedly to his post till his task was done.

The previous non-stop records were: Mr. Arthur du Cros, 1,000 miles; Mr. Cecil Edge, 2,000 miles; Mr. D. M. Weigel, 2,015 miles; and Mr. La Roche, 2,350 miles.

### MR. BECK IN LONDON.

Mr. Adolf Beck is back in London, looking much better for his trip to Norway.

On Saturday night Mr. Beck stated that he had just received word that the Special Commission appointed to investigate the wrongs he had suffered would begin sitting at the end of the month.

### Curious Discovery of a Tottenham Troglodyte.

A queer story, with a queer prisoner in the dock, was told at Tottenham occasional court on Saturday. The accused was George Adams, a dwarf, aged forty, whose chin barely reached the dock rail.

A policeman had made his acquaintance in a very unusual way and in a very strange place.

"Some men working overtime upon houses being erected in Willingdon-road, Wood Green, observing a light shining through a ventilator, called a policeman, who got down into the cellar.

Here he found the dwarf, according to his evidence, crouching in a hole, apparently very much frightened.

A little clock ticked on the wall, and a candle flickered in the gloom. Obviously the cellar was being used as a place of abode. "Clothes, rugs, tools, and handbags were strewn about the earthen floor.

The constable put a boy through the hole to oust the dwarf, who left his "cave" without resistance. The dwarf's discovery was entirely due to his having forgotten to pull down the blind with which the ventilator was fitted.

The little man pleaded that he had only been in the cellar two days, but the police think he must have been in occupancy for three months.

He was remanded for inquiries regarding the charge of having stolen the tools found in his abode.

### PILSEN "KISS IN THE RING."

Emotional Station Scenes as the Girls Leave Euston.

An emotional drama, in which railway porters saw an element of comedy, was enacted at Euston Station, on Saturday morning, when the "Prince of Pilzen" company reluctantly bade adieu to London.

Breathless gilded youths arrived hurriedly every few minutes, chewing big cigars to still their beating hearts. The American girls all wept copiously as they parted with their male friends. It was a sort of improvised "kiss-in-the-ring."

"I feel ashamed of myself," said one of the prettiest girls. "Here am I, an American girl, going home crying."

"It's because I'm leaving London. We're all just real crazy over dear old London."

"I can tell you," said Mr. John Ransome, "that some of the girls of the company are especially sorry that they are returning to America. On the journey to England they were all talking about the marriages they would make, and that they would never go back to New York."

"However, none of them have found husbands, a fact which goes to prove that the stage is not always the road that leads to the church altar. They are disappointed, but they will have their chances in America."

### MARKS-MEN OF THANET.

Poetic and Pulpit Partisans in the Fray.

Men of Thanet don't be wanting, Now's the time the world shall hear That no one can ever be strong Than a man did ever fear. We love, revere, but one king only, Off the other we'll knock sparks, When you boldly record your Vote for townsmen Harry Marks.

The writer of these lines is locally known as the Broadstairs laureate, Barney the Boke poet. As his effusion suggests the bard is a follower of Mr. Harry Marks, the Conservative candidate in the Thanet by-election.

The *Mirror* representative writes that stirring scenes are promised for the coming week, as the polling day draws near.

In the churchyard yesterday, the campaign was vigorously carried on.

The Vicar of Margate urged his congregation to maintain a high standard of Christian morality in politics as well as in social life.

In Westgate and in Ramsgate-pulpit allusions to the election were made with the intent of diverting Conservative votes from Mr. Harry Marks.

It has come to be recognised that the election will be won or lost by Mr. Marks on a personal and not a political basis.

### MORE ELBOW ROOM IN PICCADILLY.

An important proposal for further widening Piccadilly between James-street and Duke-street will come before the L.C.C. to-morrow.

The Woods and Forest Commissioners have agreed not to renew the leases for Nos. 166 to 173, Piccadilly, when they expire in April, 1905, but to convey the land to the Council at the rate of £15 per foot square.

The present width of the road varies from 22ft. to 27ft., and the committee propose that this be increased to 80ft. for a distance of 410ft., thus adding to the public way about 8,022 square feet of land. The widening will cost £35,275.

Three white pheasants have been found at South Newbald, Yorks.

### Queen Draga's Trinkets Brought to London.

A distinguished exile from Servia has just arrived in London, in the person of Lieutenant Petrovitch, nephew of the late Queen Draga, who was assassinated with the King and members of the Servian Court fifteen months ago.

The object of the young officer's visit to London is to sell some of the jewels and dresses of his late royal aunt.

He brings the following treasures:—

#### SOME RARE JEWELS.

- 1.—A diamond coronet, worn by Queen Draga at her wedding.
- 2.—A bracelet of diamonds and emeralds presented by the late Queen as a wedding gift to the "Tsar," who, by deputy, officiated at her marriage.
- 3.—The "Order of Melchizedek," set in brilliants, the Queen's wedding present from Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey.
- 4.—An order from the Shah, which the Persian Monarch presented to the late Queen when he visited the Servian Court shortly after Queen Draga's wedding in 1900. It is an order of the rarest kind, the only two ladies possessing it in Europe being the Tsaritsa and the German Empress.
- 5.—A Byzantine tiara.
- 6.—A pair of Byzantine earrings.

#### RADIANT ROBES.

- 1.—The lovely gown of Alençon lace worn by the Queen at her wedding.
- 2.—A royal robe of fourteenth century Venetian velvet, in which the late Queen received the representatives of her people on great festivals. The gorgeous garment is of rich cherry colour, and is elegantly embroidered with gold and silver, and with white eagles, which symbolise the Servian arms.
- 3.—A magnificent white satin robe, beautifully embroidered with pink flowers and gold.
- 4.—A belt of silver gilt, studded with emeralds, rubies, and sapphires.

These rare possessions of the late Servian Queen are inherited by her three surviving sisters, and the youthful Petrovitch, the son of Queen Draga's elder sister, Christina, has come to London to sell them, in order that the proceeds may be divided among the late Queen's sisters, who are in strained circumstances.

The jewels are in the custody of a strong City safe.

A *Mirror* representative talked with Lieutenant Petrovitch, who is a handsome young fellow of twenty-two, at De Keyser's Hotel on Saturday. He was himself on the list marked for assassination, but escaped by a blunder on the part of the leader of the assassins.

Asked as to the present position of affairs in Servia, Lieutenant Petrovitch, speaking his native tongue, shrugged his shoulders and lifted his hands.

#### King Edward's Sympathy.

"We do not want to express any opinion about the present King of Servia. It is not, of course, certain that half justice will be done to us by the courts of Servia, but we have addressed petitions to several Sovereigns of Europe, and you will be interested to hear that we have received a most sympathetic answer from King Edward."

Like Mr. Penley's famous curate, M. Petrovitch people.

"The English people," he said, "are kind and hospitable, and even cheerful, which they do not think when abroad."

Things which greatly impressed him were the sight of the Salvationists praying in public and spouters holding forth in Hyde Park.

"I always thought the English were cold-blooded. Guess my surprise when I went to some Hyde Park meetings a few days ago, and saw such an exhibition of fire on the platforms."

#### BIGAMY AS DEFENCE.

Rather than accept responsibility for the maintenance of Sarah Evans, who claims him as her husband, William Evans, a bricklayer, of Meeting House-lane, Peckham, declared, when summoned for desertion at Stratford, that she was not his wife, as he married her while his first wife was still alive.

The chairman of the Bench ordered on Saturday that there was not a shred of evidence to show that the first wife was alive at the time of the second marriage. It was all hearsay and bluff. An order would be made on the defendant to pay 20s. a week maintenance money.

#### IS IT YOUR HOUSE?

On page 9 will be found the photograph taken for the *Daily Mirror* House Competition. A prize of two guineas will be awarded the tenant who applies within a week, sending a certificate from his landlord proving his tenancy.

Young Nursemaid.

## BACKYARD REHEARSALS.

Stage-struck girls are likely to read with mixed feelings the story of Jennie Gutherie, aged sixteen.

Some months ago she gave up a situation as nursemaid and left her home at Dundee for London. Some part of her subsequent experiences was related to the Bow-street magistrate on Saturday when she and a companion named Gertrude Bruce, aged twenty-two, who described herself as a milliner, were accused of annoying gentlemen in Euston-road.

Strongly denying this charge, the girl Gutherie, who does not look the age she lays claim to, called the master who was trying to qualify her for the stage to support her plea of innocence.

A well-dressed young man, who said his real name was James Shuttleworth, entered the witness-box. He stated that in the day time he was employed as a wine merchant's clerk, but at night did work in connection with the stage. His professional name was Paul de Lara.

The girl Gutherie had been in his employment for three months, and he also employed three other professionals. He paid her a nominal salary of £1 a week, but deducted £1 for lodgings, which he had secured for her with respectable people.

## Stayed Out at Night.

He did not know the kind of life she led after she left off work at night; but he had heard that she stayed away from her lodgings one night, and told her that he would not allow it. She had always acted in a straightforward way with him, but he was afraid she had got into bad company. It was not true that he brought the girl from Wales—she came from Dundee.

As the magistrate desired to learn further particulars, the hearing of the case was continued later in the day, when Jennie Gutherie's landlady, a respectable-looking woman, living in Norfolk-road, Dalston-lane, gave evidence. Mr. Shuttleworth, she said, brought the girl to her house, and always appeared to act very fairly and properly towards his pupil.

Once the landlady had to remonstrate with the girl for staying out all night, saying, in answer to her lodger's explanation that she had been staying with a lady friend, that no respectable girl would ask another girl to stay out all night. Mr. Shuttleworth, the landlady added, was trying to teach the girl conjuring.

The police-court missionary informed the magistrate that Gutherie had told him her real name was Jane Kenniss, and that her father, a labourer, lived at Mid Hill, Dundee. She had begged him not to communicate with her father, this appearing to be her chief trouble.

## Nursery for the Stage.

A constable stated he had ascertained that Mr. Shuttleworth paid five shillings a week for a room in a backyard in Bedborough-street, King's Cross. It was called the "Rehearsal Room," where ladies were taken in the evening to rehearse. He believed that the performance for which they were preparing did not commence until Christmas, and the girl had been in London for three months doing nothing.

The magistrate decided to remand Gutherie, and said he would let her out on bail if she could find a surety in £1. The girl, who appeared greatly distressed at her position, with tears streaming from her eyes, besought "Mr. Paul," as she called him, to become surety for her.

This Mr. Shuttleworth did, stating, with reference to the constable's evidence, that, in addition to holding rehearsals in the room at King's Cross, he gave lessons in sleight-of-hand tricks and in the manufacture of stage properties.

The girl's companion, Gertrude Bruce, also protested her innocence of the charge, but was fined twenty shillings.

## TO PREVENT BABY-FARMING.

"For failing to notify the guardians that she had taken a child to keep for a sum less than £20, Sarah Sophia Russel was fined 40s, and costs at Stratford on Saturday."

Defendant had accepted £15 for the keep of the child, but she pleaded ignorance of the law requiring notification.

The magistrate said she was liable for the £15 she had received.

## HOME SACRIFICED TO DRINK.

For the past eight years, said the husband of Mary Saeger, upon whom an inquest was held on Saturday, she had been drinking to excess. He had done everything possible to check the habit, but she pawned every available article in the house to procure whisky.

She was found dead on the kitchen floor. On Saturday there was a depression, believed to have been caused by falling on a knotted walking-stick. Misadventure was the verdict.

## Embankment.

Two remarkable cases of sudden loss of memory have come under the attention of the Bow-street police officials, and they are now endeavouring to discover the relatives of the persons concerned.

A policeman noticed a girl crying on one of the Embankment seats last Thursday, and questioned her as to the cause of her trouble.

She told him she had sat down there and dropped off to sleep, and that on awaking she found her memory had completely gone.

After she had been taken to Bow-street the only additional particular she could recall concerning herself was that she had been a servant.

She is about twenty years of age, 5ft. 5in. high, has a fresh complexion, light brown hair, and blue eyes. Her dress is of blue sateen, with black jacket and brown fur boa.

She carried a purse containing 4s. in silver and some religious verses and two Prayer-books, in one of which was written: "Dear Gertie, with fondest love from Edie."

The other case is of an elderly gentleman, dressed as a naval officer, who was in the National Picture Gallery the other day when his memory suddenly became a complete blank. He wandered about London a day or two, and then went up to a constable in Shaftesbury-avenue and explained to him his predicament.

He is described by the police as having the appearance of an officer in the merchant service, or engineer. All he remembers is that he is connected with a ship, and he has an idea that it was anchored somewhere near London Bridge when he left it.

## MAGISTRATE'S "DOUBLE."

## Baronet Has To Deny a Prisoner's Soft Impeachment.

Sir Berkeley Sheffield, Bart., has had an amusing experience on the Bench at Scunthorpe, in dealing with six Irish potato-harvesters who were charged with being drunk and disorderly.

One of the prisoners, Martin Dowd, looking at the chairman of the Bench, said: "Your honour can prove that I was not drunk, as I saw you and spoke to you last night."

Sir Berkeley Sheffield: Did you say you saw me last night?

Prisoner: Yes.

Sir Berkeley: Where?

Prisoner (in a rich brogue): Sure, your honour, are you not the young man that waits at the public-house.

Bench and Court were convulsed with laughter, and Sir Berkeley, recovering with difficulty his composure, assured the prisoner he was mistaken, and ordered each defendant to pay a fine.

## SACRILEGIOUS THIEVES.

## Church Broken Into on the Eve of a Festival.

Two cases of sacrilege have occurred at churches in the neighbourhood of Maidstone.

On Friday night the vicar, organist, and choir were in Burnham Church rehearsing for the harvest festival yesterday, and they left everything apparently safe at half-past nine.

However, on Saturday morning it was found that the building had been entered, the poor-box broken open, and the contents extracted. The thieves had also drunk a quantity of sacramental wine.

It was afterwards ascertained that Hitcham Church had also been broken into and that a considerable sum of money had been stolen.

There were signs that an attempt had been made to steal the Communion plate, and that the marauders had been disturbed.

## "GENTLEMAN IN THE DOCK."

Referring to the remark of a prosecutrix at the North London Police Court that, of two pictures, "One was Gladstone and the other Mr. Salisbury," Mr. Fordham said she must be a Conservative to discriminate thus.

"The amount of polish and elegance that education has put upon police-court witnesses," he added satirically, "is amazing. It is usually the gentleman in the dock and the bloke on the bench."

## BACK TO THE COUNTRY.

Birmingham paupers to the number of 100 on Saturday travelled by train to Kevington, Suffolk, where they will be boarded.

Although the authorities endeavoured to avoid breaking family ties, the married men were most anxious to go and leave their wives in Birmingham.

In Sunderland workhouse inmates are sleeping on beds made up on the floors of the corridors, and the Local Government Board will be asked, in their case also, to allow an emigration into the half-empty workhouses of the depopulated agricultural districts.

## NORWAY.

A romantic story is said to underlie the charge brought at Worship-street on Saturday against a tutor, named Henry Forbes Harding, of having stolen £1 from a Norwegian lady named Miss Lie. When Harding was arrested in his house off Gray's Inn-road he turned to a lady and, embracing her, said, "Oh, my poor little wife!"

According to the sworn information, Harding, when employed as tutor in Trondheim, Norway, passed as a single man, and became engaged to Miss Lie.

It was agreed that the engagement should be kept secret, the lady saying that her people would object to her marrying Harding.

He returned to London, arrangements being made for Miss Lie to follow him and get-married, but he married another lady in July, and is now charged with appropriating part of the money Miss Lie sent him.

Harding was remanded on bail to allow Miss Lie to attend.

## MORPHIA-PROOF.

## Masseur Who Survived After Taking "Enough to Kill 20 People."

To a policeman who was called to a house in Praed-street, Paddington, a masseur named William Hughes, said: "I have taken enough morphine to kill twenty people. Take me to the hospital."

Subsequently, a letter which Hughes had written was found, stating:—

The medical profession are of opinion that two grains of morphine are always fatal. But they do not know the constitution of some men.

The dose I am taking is grains XXIV. I trust it will have the desired effect. I would not live this last two months over again, if they could make me a millionaire (sic).

Charged at Marylebone on Saturday with attempted suicide, Hughes was bound over and sent to the court missionary for help.

## ELECTRIC DEATH-TRAP.

## Guardian's Terrible Fate Through Trying to Cross a Live Rail.

Two caddies described at the inquest on Saturday at Formby the terrible death struggle of Thomas Matthew Nolan, a Grenadier Guards' Recruit, who was electrocuted by treading on a live rail on the Liverpool and Southport Railway.

Nolan, who had been through the South African war, climbed the railway wall near the Formby golf links for a short cut to the Altcar rifle range. Heavy rain had made the electric rail more dangerous.

Stepping on the live rail, Nolan gave a piercing cry and fell down.

The two golf caddies saw him writhing in agony and vainly struggling to free himself, and when they ran to the place he asked them to do something to save him.

They were afraid to go near the live rail, but managed to get an approaching train stopped in time.

The current was promptly shut off, and the man was removed in an unconscious state and badly burned.

Efforts to restore animation were without avail, and he was pronounced dead fifteen minutes afterwards.

The verdict was that death was due to shock and heart failure.

## TELL-TALE TELEGRAMS.

## Husband's Retort to His Wife's Charge of Assault.

Two tell-tale telegrams to his wife, by whom he was summoned for an assault, were handed to the chairman of the Kingston County Bench on Saturday by Walter Mears, of Walton-on-Thames.

The unhappy husband also produced a love letter from his wife to another man, which commenced: "To my darling Jack. I am still waiting for you." Mears said he had lots more like that.

He was alleged to have struck his wife, and to have knocked her into the coal-cellars, but on a police-officer informing the chairman that, judging from what he had heard, he did not think the man was altogether to blame, the summons was dismissed.

Both husband and wife were afterwards granted summonses praying for a separation order.

## PENLESS FORTUNE-TELLER.

The elderly woman, Harriet Laming, who told fortunes with cards in her underground kitchen in Gray's Inn-road, was at Bow-street on Saturday fined 40s., or twenty-one days.

She was remanded in custody, as she said she had no money, and the goods in her room belonged to her landlord.

## Unconsciousness.

## FUSILADE OF STONES.

Desperate encounters between gamekeepers and poachers have occurred in Sussex and Cheshire.

Two of Mr. T. C. Ralston's keepers—Frederick Box and Frank Luther—have been so seriously injured that they were unable to appear at the Police Court on Saturday, when four Brighton men were remanded on a charge of assaulting them in poaching affray at Patcham.

It is stated that while the two keepers were patrolling the high ground near Mr. Ralston preserves on Thursday night they came upon several men engaged in netting for game. They tried to seize the nets, but were outnumbered and fiercely attacked by the poachers, who used long batters, and ultimately made off leaving the keepers unconscious on the ground.

Later the keepers recovered sufficiently to crawl to a house, where they remained till a doctor dressed their wounds, several of the cuts on both heads having to be stitched.

## Eight Poachers at Bay.

The affray in Cheshire was hardly less serious. Under the cloak of the heavy autumn mist, eight men were netting rabbits in the early hours of Saturday morning on the Bostock estate of Colonel France-Playford, near Northwich, when they were surprised by keepers. According to the keeper's account, the poachers at once organised an attack on them by throwing stones. Three of the gamekeepers were struck, one of them, William Edwards, receiving a severe cut on the head.

They attempted to close with the poachers, but only succeeded in capturing one man, Henry Bowyer, of Northwich, his companions making good their escape in the direction of the town, throwing away their nets and spoils as they did so. Bowyer, who was badly cut about the head in the struggle, was later in the day remanded custody by the Middlewich magistrates.

For night poaching on the land of Mr. Joseph Short, a shipbuilder, John Barnes was fined 40s. and costs at Sunderland on Saturday. Barnes was surprised in company with four other men who were equipped with nets, ferrets, spades, and bags.

## WALKING "FLIERS."

## Thompson Makes a New Fifty-mile Record at the Palace.

Some extraordinary walking was witnessed at Crystal Palace on Saturday.

Five of the six men who finished in the fifty-mile race surpassed the existing amateur record for the distance—8hr. 25min. 25sec., at Lillie Bridge, November 14, 1879.

F. B. Thompson beat this handsomely on Saturday, covering the distance in 7hr. 57min. 38sec., which came decidedly near the professional indoor record of 7hr. 54min. 10sec., made by Hibberd at the Agricultural Hall on May 14, 1888.

The names and times of the finishers on Saturday are as follows:—

	H. M. S.
F. B. Thompson (Ranelagh H.)	8 58 14
G. W. Mawson (Hallamshire H.)	8 8 14
B. Heasle (Birchfield H.)	8 11 17
T. E. Hammond (Blackheath H.)	8 13 20
P. Unwin (Surrey Walking Club and Ranelagh H.)	8 20 27
E. Ion Poole (South London H.)	9 12 34

## MYSTERIOUS BURGLARY.

Suspected by his employer of having stolen £100, Robert Roll, lately manager of the Old Castle public-house, Battersea, is said to have stated that there had been a burglary, and that the thief must have taken the key of the safe from his clothes while he was asleep.

This explanation is alleged to be untrue, as Roll was committed for trial by the South-Western magistrate on Saturday.

## 110 Women

have asked for their money from grocers who sell Fels-Naptha; and got it; £1 36 1/2 in two years.

They didn't go by the book; we have letters from every-one of them.



# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1904.

## A GREAT FIGHTER.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARcourt, though he had of late years withdrawn himself more and more from the activities of political life, was still a member of the House of Commons at the time of his death, and his voice was of weight in the counsels of his Party, so that he may be said with truth to have died in harness. The passing of the man was in a sense a curious contrast with his life. The latter was strenuous to a degree, for Sir William was the Friar Tuck of his political band, the strength of whose buffet many an opponent had learned to his cost, and although an able man in many ways his chief fame rests upon his qualities as a sturdy fighter, a champion who never acknowledged defeat. Yet his end was strangely peaceful, the death in sleep of a man full of years, and it may be somewhat weary of the long struggle.

In his fighting methods, no less than in the appearance of his stout and hearty frame, there was something typically British, and this no doubt was one secret of his great popularity when he was at the zenith of his powers.

In his old age, when he might perhaps have expected to take up the leadership laid down by Mr. Gladstone, he found himself supplanted by younger men, and this undoubtedly caused him some bitterness of spirit. Perhaps no man has ever come so near the Premiership only to find that most coveted of political honours eluded his grasp as the statesman who has just passed away.

Still, all his hopes and ambitions are over now, and small enough they seem in the presence of death. At least we can say that his loss will be felt, not alone by those for whom he fought so long and so lustily, but by all his countrymen, and that the memory which both friend and foe will hold of the dead statesman will be a kindly one.

## THE HUMAN WORKING MAN.

The excessively unkind things which the Rev. R. J. Campbell has thought it necessary to say concerning the British working man have not unnaturally aroused the ire of those whom he has criticised. Mr. Campbell has stated that the workman's keenest struggles are for shorter hours and better wages, but not that he may employ them for higher needs, and, further, that "he is often lazy, unthrifly, improvident, sometimes immoral, foul-mouthed and untruthful" and although that saying "sometimes" obviously covers a large number of exceptions, such excessively plain-of-mind is always apt to cause a good deal of ill-feeling.

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., who has taken up the cudgels on behalf of his class, has replied by pointing the majority of working men as only a little lower than the angels, pointing out that if there are bad working men so there are bad ministers, religion, but for this Mr. Campbell was doubtless prepared.

After all, if we analyse Mr. Campbell's statements, we find that they will apply, in general terms, to all classes of the community. Can we doubt that the passion for material gain for other than the highest ends is deeply implanted in the breast of many men and women in all ranks of like, or that even quite well-connected people are "sometimes" immoral and untruthful?

It really comes to this, that the working man is a human man, after all, and that since his surroundings give him less of a chance than those who are better off in life, his faults may be sometimes more obvious than theirs.

At the same time, if he, or any other man, starts with the opinion that he is within measurable distance of perfection, he is never likely to get there.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The great difference is between kind and unkind wrongs, not between meant and unmeant wrongs. Very few people really do mean to do wrong—in a deep sense, none. They only don't know what they are about. Cain did not mean to kill Abel—*Ruskin*.



Characters in "His Highness My Husband," which was so successfully produced at the Comedy Theatre on Saturday night.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Bishop of Ripon's crossing to New York must have been a very anxious one with his wife, Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter, so seriously ill; but it is good news that the New York doctors report an improvement of her case. The Bishop, who was one of Queen Victoria's favourite preachers, endears himself to everyone by his intensely human outlook on life and his quietly humorous manner. Even during sacred functions he is not above making small jokes. Once, while performing a wedding service, he remarked to the bride and bridegroom: "You see, I am not only a Carpenter, but a joiner." Puns on his name have always been favourites of his. On one occasion, when laying a foundation-stone, the architect handed him a trowel, asking him if he would mind becoming an operative mason for a few moments. "I would much rather remain a working Carpenter," said the Bishop.

Mr. Leonard Boyne, who thoroughly maintained his reputation as an actor on Saturday evening in the new play, "His Highness, My Husband," at the Comedy Theatre, is, as his name more than hints, an Irishman, and a sporting Irishman, too. Long before he went on the stage, and he did so at seventeen, his ambition was to ride the winner of the Grand National—an ambition which has only been fulfilled on the stage. Still, he has ridden winners. When he toured "Sporting Life," some years ago, he used three of his own horses in the play. One of his best stories is of a competition that he rode against a certain provincial sporting man, who had been rash enough to deny that the actor's steeplechasers were really the horses described in the play-bills. Mr. Boyne won the real race in the day time as neatly as the stage race that he rode at night.

Miss Miriam Clements, who made such a hit and looked so charming as the Princess, is only to be seen in London when theatrical engagements make it compulsory. The country is her ideal place to live, and it is seldom that a week-end finds her in town. Once she has escaped from pavements and chimney-pots to fields and trees she is a most energetic walker, and glories in a short skirt and thick boots. On the stage she is terribly nervous, but in private life she is a fearless driver. Only her nerve and a large slice of good luck have so far kept her from driving accidents. On making day her horse bolted in Hyde Park and nearly put an end to her existence, and not long after a horse she was driving in a buggy nearly did the same through the breaking of a trace. In the end the horse had to be killed owing to its injuries.

Though she was unable to play "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" when it was originally produced, Miss Olga Nethersole is appearing in it that day this evening at the Kennington Theatre. The passionate character of Paula should suit her well, for she has that fire in her acting which only comes by a large admixture of Spanish blood. Her first appearance on the stage was nearly her last, for she took a

strong distaste to the work. It was not unnatural. She was only twelve at the time, and with her brothers and sisters had played a small part in a farce called "Leave It To Me." A friend of her mother's was a doctor at Colney Hatch Asylum, and it was suggested that "Leave It To Me" should be performed for the benefit of the patients there. It was on the occasion of that performance that Miss Nethersole had her first and last attack of stage-fright.

The sea of mad faces had a most depressing effect on the young actress, who even at that age was exceedingly sensitive. Directly the curtain went up, one of the patients, a beautiful woman, rose up from her seat, and, uttering heartrending moan after moan, fixed her wild eyes on the poor child who had to open the play. Miss Nethersole had to begin by singing a song, and though every word was clear to her, she could not open her lips while the mad woman stared at her. After a long pause, the voice of the doctor, who was acting as stage-manager, reached Miss Nethersole's ears, telling someone to lower the curtain. That seemed to break the spell, and she began her song. If the curtain had been lowered, she says that she would never have had the pluck to act again.

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, the famous Roman Catholic prelate, who has been selected as a new cardinal to be elected at the next consistory. In Ireland he is known to many as the "Pope of Ireland," and his power is little less than that of the Pope himself. At one time he was one of the greatest forces in Irish politics, though of late he has not been so much heard of; yet to this day his word is law to thousands of Irishmen. He it was who gave the death-blow to Parnell's power in Ireland, and he also had much to do with the making of the Land Act of 1881. In his rare intervals of leisure he has written, and written well, on many subjects, from bi-metallism to Gregorian music. He has ruled over the See of Dublin for nearly twenty years now.

## THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

**Farmer:** What are you doing climbing that tree? **Tramp:** I saw some apples dying on the ground, and I was going to hang them up again.—"Megendorfer Blatter," Berlin.

"Isn't that Tom's step I hear?" "Probably; he just went out with the motor."—"Harvard Lampoon."

**Patient:** Have I been sick long? **Woman Physician:** Not very. We still wear our sleeves like this.—"Fliegende Blätter," Berlin.

**Mistress (checking stores):** Where is the Gruyère cheese?

**Mary:** Oh! I sent that back; it couldn't have been proper weight; it was full of holes.—The "Referee."

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Marquis de Casa Riera.

THE man of the moment is one of the handsomest men in Paris, and one of the wealthiest. In fact, his fortune is valued at something over six million pounds sterling, and he has mansions in Spain as well as in France. He is the man of the moment because, after all, his wealth and good fortune for some twenty years, a claimant, a blacksmith, now dead, he is an impostor.

But he did not need the present claim against him to become an important personage in Paris. He has long been famous, and his name is everywhere by-word. "Young as the Marquis de Casa Riera," say the Parisians, for, though he states his age as eighty-one, he looks like an unusually well-preserved man of sixty. In fact, the blacksmith claimant insists that he is sixty in his real age.

He certainly shows many lapses from the standard which might be expected from one of his name and title. As a Spanish grandee one might expect him to speak perfect and educated Spanish, but he does not. Then, too, he loves to escape from the pomp and display of his rank, not to dignified simplicity of life, but to plebeian surroundings. He is especially fond of sitting in a kitchen and eating an onion like a Spanish potato.

Whether he is or is not the Marquis, and whether the blacksmith claimant is to be raised to the position of Paris's latest lion, are the questions of the moment in France.

## WHAT OTHERS THINK.

**The Late Sir William Harcourt.** The finest political gladiator of the age.—"St. James' Observer."

He was a giant fighting with a quarterstaff in "Evening News."

In his person a chivalric figure seems to stand almost from the heat of the tourney.—"St. James' Gazette."

He was a first-rate fighting man to have on your side, a very awkward man to have against you.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

It is by his finance that Sir William Harcourt's name will longest be remembered in our political annals.—"Sunday Sun."

He fought like a Trojan, albeit always with an eye to the gallery than to the goodness of cause.—"Weekly Times and Echo."

Though never tolerant of fools and bores, he was always ready to help those whom he believed to be doing their duty.—"News of the World."

Since Mr. Gladstone quit the arena, Sir William Harcourt has been, in the historic sense at least, the most striking figure in the House of Commons.—"Weekly Dispatch."



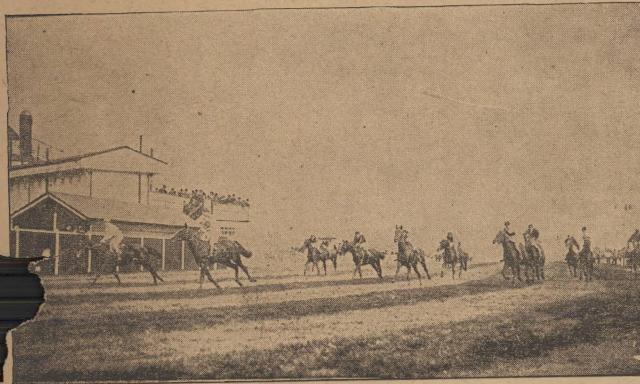
# A·DAY'S·HAPPENINGS.



## SATURDAY'S SPORT.



Sunderland v. Aston Villa: A throw in. There was a crowd of something like 30,000 to welcome the visitors when they met the Villa on Saturday at Birmingham.



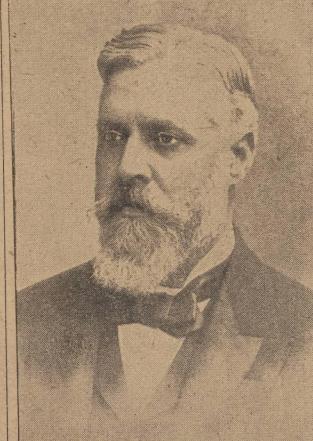
The race for the Stewards' Nursery Handicap at Hurst Park, won by St. Trumpet.

HIS HIGHNESS, MY HUSBAND:  
SATURDAY'S NEW PLAY.



Miss Miriam Clements, who is playing Sonia (the Queen) in "His Highness, My Husband," which was produced at the Comedy Theatre on Saturday. The new piece is adapted from the French of Chancil and Zanrof by Mr. William Boosey.—(Fellowes Wilson.)

POLITICAL PURITY AT THE  
THANET ELECTION.



Mr. H. Leach Lewis, headmaster and founder of Margate College, one of the leaders of the political purity crusade against party politics. While holding Unionist principles, most of the Thanet political purists will vote for Mr. King, the Liberal candidate.

TWO CHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GREAT STATES



The first portrait was a recent one of "the old crusader" by Russell and Sons. The other graph was taken at Lord Glencorse's Hampstead house. Sir William Harcourt's amused smile resulted from the failure of Lady Glencorse and some Primrose dames to have him photographed with a primrose in his buttonhole. Before snapping him the sympathetic photographer removed the flower.



Malwood, the late Sir William Harcourt's beautiful house at Lyndhurst, in the New Forest.

THE TSAR PRAYS FOR THE SUCCESS



The Tsar leaving the chapel at Tarskoe Selo, where prayers

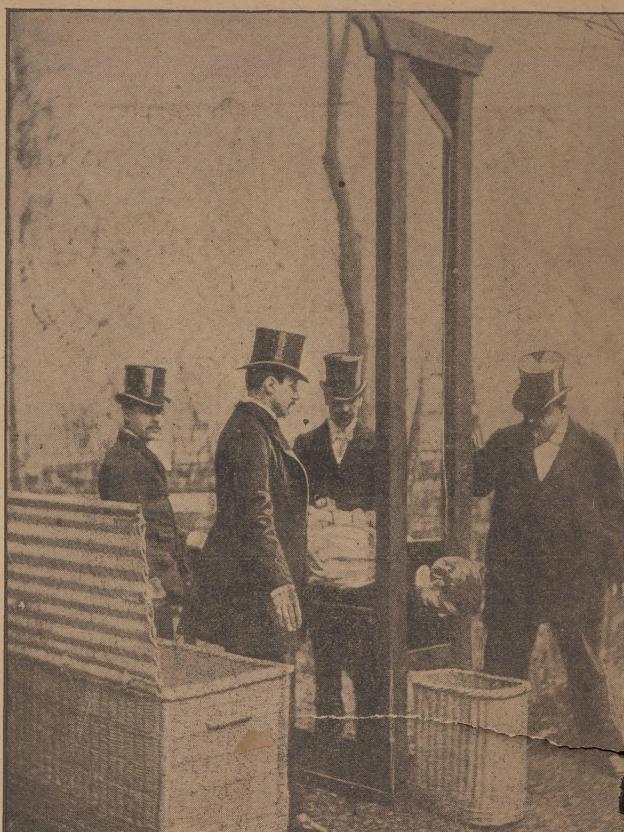
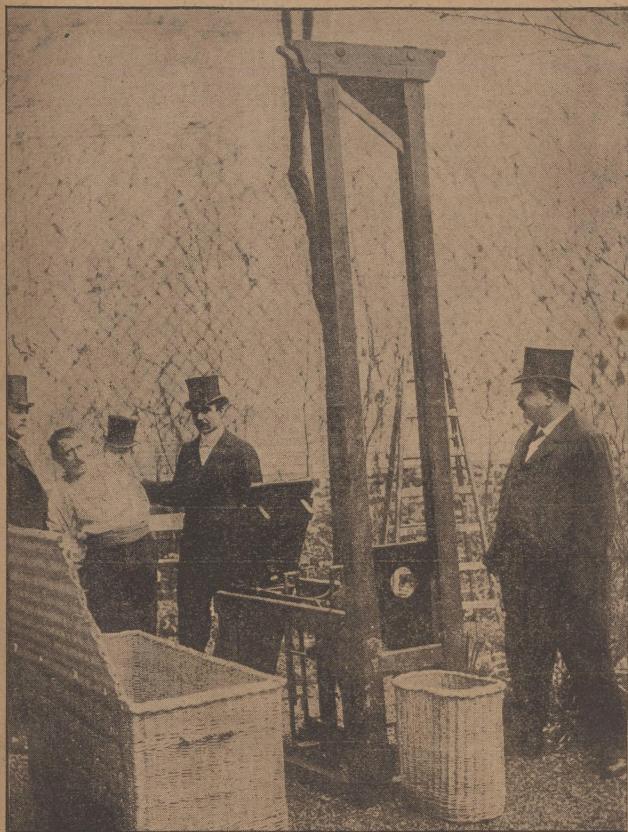
DRAG

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# CAMERA TELLS TO-DAY'S STORY

THE MOVING PICTURE MAN'S FAKE PERIOD: A MOCK GUILLOTINING.



There seems to be no limit to the ubiquitous moving-picture man's programme of entertainment. The vivid pictures of terrible murders and such like sensational scenes which are nightly thrown on the sheet at the theatre are usually faked in some quiet corner in the suburbs. The above pictures are two from a series of the latest fakes got up by a cinematograph company. While they are not actually guillotining scenes, they illustrate admirably how execution by this method is carried out. The "condemned" man is seen in the first picture approaching the guillotine, and in the second photograph he is strapped to the bascule, or moving platform, and placed under the knife. The gentleman on the right is supposed to represent Deibler, the late executioner, of Paris.

## S MEN IN THE FAR EAST.



Russian arms in the war in the Far East.

## BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.



DORA WARBOYS.

Hundreds of photographs continue to pour in to the "Daily Mirror" office daily for our Baby Beauty Competition. Above is one of the pretty entries.

## WHOSE IS THIS HOUSE? IS IT YOURS?



A prize of £2 2s. will be awarded by the "Daily Mirror" to the tenant of the above house if he applies within a week, with a certificate from his landlord proving his tenancy.

# How the White Bird Brought Its Message of Life to the Condemned Murderer.

of that goddess were liberally displayed, he remarked that he had not known that his host's tastes ran in that direction. "Oh, I assure you," laughed Lady Beaconsfield, "that is nothing to the one which he has in his bedroom." "That, madam," said Sir William, turning to her with a low bow, "I can well believe."

Another specimen of his humour was his ridicule of the Church of England Temperance Society as "very much Church and very little temperance," while his epitaph on the last Unionist Government was:—

They lived on  
Cobcote.

Their daily food was their broken pledges,

And their latter end was hastened by Drink.

No story is more amusing than that of Sir William's encounter with some Primrose dames, who endeavoured to enrol him as a convert.

Heath House, Lord Glenesk's Hampstead retreat, was the scene of this singular interview.

A photograph asked Lady Glenesk's aid to get

Sir William Harcourt to pose for him.

Some Primrose dames, on finding that their doughty opponent was about to be photographed, used all their beguilements to persuade him to wear a primrose in his buttonhole, and, finally, by dint of persistence, beat down his laughing resistance, and led him to the photographer with the renegade emblem in his buttonhole.

The picture taken on that occasion is published to-day on page 8, and Sir William Harcourt's amused smile is caused by the fact that the photographer, an ardent Liberal, removed the offending flower before he took the photograph.

## HIS MAJESTY'S SYMPATHY.

His Majesty the King wired to Lady Harcourt on Saturday afternoon from Balmoral:— "Allow me to express my deepest sympathy in the sad loss you have sustained. I have lost an old and valued friend in your dear husband—Edward R."

Mr. Chamberlain, on hearing the news, said it was with the deepest regret that he heard of the death of "the old Parliamentary fighter."

As far as it has been arranged at present, the funeral will take place as quietly and simply as possible at Nuneham, where the family vault of the Harcourts is, on Wednesday or Thursday next.

## MR. BIRRELL'S APPRECIATION.

"We Shall Never See His Like Again"—"A Great Nature."

The following appreciation of the dead leader was given to the *Daily Mirror* by Mr. Augustus Birrell:—

"We shall never see his like again."

"Sir William Harcourt from the first was baptised into the spirit of the House of Commons. He never asked, 'Cui bono?' or 'philosophised' about party, but resolutely gave himself with magnificent self-devotion and scorn of wealth to serve his country on the lines of our Constitution and according to the methods of party-government."

"He bore the scars of party conflict, and had known all the ups and downs, the great moments and the heavy disappointments inseparable from the political arena. Things might have turned out differently. Sir William Harcourt might very easily have sat upon the Woolsack—the most formidable figure in that place since Thirlow."

"He might quite naturally have been the head of an Administration. As it is, he has led the House of Commons and the Opposition; and as Chancellor of the Exchequer his name must always be associated with one of the most famous Finance Acts of the nineteenth century."

## First-class Fighting Man.

"In debate Sir William played a great part on a hundred occasions. His 'slashing blow' has become historical. By common consent he was admitted to be a first-class fighting man. No Parliamentary leader of modern times, Mr. Gladstone excepted, was one-half so well equipped for the fray as he."

"His historical reading, his traditions, his associations, his training, all served his turn sharpening his sword and strengthening his bludgeon. Behind it all there was a great nature, with whom everybody felt a kinship."

"Distress cut him to the quick, whatever might be its nature. He could no more have trampled on the fallen, or sneered at failure, or rejoiced over a personal misfortune, than he could have beaten a child."

"As an orator his one fault was that he never learnt to rely upon the immediate pressure of his great natural gifts. Preparation may be an excellent thing, but the sudden fancy, the instant illumination of a really witty man like Sir William Harcourt, who stands before a great audience, is beyond everything else. Fortunately, the House of Commons sometimes took him unawares, and then he behaved at his very best."

"The whole House, irrespective of party, and his countless political friends and admirers throughout the Empire will deeply regret that he has gone from among us."

Miss Keyse, an elderly maiden lady of good family, was found foully murdered in her house at Babacombe, Devon, in November, 1884.

John Lee, the butler, was charged with the crime, and at Exeter Assizes, before Mr. Justice Manisty, in February, 1885, he was condemned to death.

For the defence it was suggested that the murder had been committed by a lover of one of the servants.

When the day of execution arrived three attempts were made to hang Lee, but a defect in the working of the trap-doors of the scaffold prevented the sentence being carried out, and he was reprieved.

In Saturday's issue we gave an account of Lee's strange dream the night before his ordeal—a dream which foretold the abortive execution.

The first attempt to hang the prisoner was described. In the present article we show how, after the defect in the machinery had apparently been rectified, Lee was again placed on the scaffold.

Again the executioner seized the lever. He pulled it with a firm hand. Back flew the bolt; yet still the prisoner stood on the unyielding boards poised on the brink of a death that would not come.

A shudder shook the group of stern officials. Though hardened to scenes of suffering there was a point at which even their habitual calm was disturbed. This point had now been reached.

The Governor of the gaol turned deadly white; the under-sheriff nearly fell with faintness. All looked at each other as if they were guilty conspirators in some hellish plot.

## Captive's Emotion.

Again the bolt rang back and the platform slightly shook—that was all. Only as it became slightly convulsive movements played over the tense figure of the condemned man.

At a sign from the executioner the two burly warders stepped forward machine-like, and again placed their feet upon the immovable square. Again, as the last words of the burial service died away, the bolt rang back. There was a movement in the planks beneath the convict's feet. The trap doors, in response to the weight resting on their outer edges, slowly rose a little. It was as though the instrument of death were rejecting its offered meat.

For six minutes there was a desperate struggle between the executioner and the refractory machine. It was a contest which ended in the intervention of those in authority.

## Agony of Suspense.

The condemned man had spent these six minutes in a hell of suspense. The resignation with which he had faced the commencement of this second attempt suddenly disappeared.

As the doors beneath his feet, seemingly, at the bid of the off-moving lever, had slowly risen, there had come into his mind the fearful nightmare of early morning.

It was only by a superhuman effort of the will that he repressed an inclination to shriek aloud at each quiver of the stubborn planks.

Such was the birth of the hope which slowly grew in the wretched man's tortured mind.

Again all was still. Again hands were laid upon his arms and he was led forward. Again he passed out of the building into the colder air, and again there rang out the blows of hammer and chisel.

This time, however, the white cap was taken from Lee's face; the rope was lifted from his neck, and he looked wildly round upon a world of which he was hardly sure.

Led back in his cell, he staggered to a seat and prayed.

## The White Bird.

Anxious questions passed between the members of the crowd which had gathered so quickly around the gaol. Why did not the tall warden send the black flag on its upward journey?

The prison bell still hung forth its despairing note at ever-growing intervals. The white bird which had been seen hovering over one corner of the gaol, now flew in wide circles above the huge building. All eyed it wonderingly, and over the crowd fell an expectant hush.

Now a sound in his cell made the convict look up. But a few minutes had passed, and again the mournful procession of death filed slowly in. The bell still tolled on, and warned the wretched man that this was another act in his lingering ordeal.

## Last Ordeal.

Again the procession started, again the wall was passed, the passage, and the stretch of gravel separating the gaol from the execution shed. Again the sad words were spoken. "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery."

As the convict once more stood under the cross-beam he thought of the dream of the night before. Hope suddenly grew and grew till he felt the preparations going on were but an idle attempt to stay a miracle which must have its being. Only

one thing shook his hope. He had glanced round at that final moment before the light of day had been cut off from his eyes. His glance had fallen upon the faces of pale, determined-looking men, who did their duty solemnly and almost reverently.

## Everything in Order.

The prison authorities had set themselves the task of seeing the execution properly performed. The drop had been carefully examined. It had been found that the trapdoors had swollen in the damp air. The defect had been remedied. The apparatus had been tested and worked with ease. A few minutes only, felt all, would see the end of a most painful task.

The white cap had been drawn loosely over the prisoner's face, the passage from the Burial Service praying for a deliverance from the pangs of an eternal death fell, muffled upon Lee's ears. He stood waiting. It was ten minutes past eight as the executioner touched the fatal lever.

The bolt rang quicker than ever, but, horror of horrors, the prisoner still stood there with a fold of silk robe lying loosely on him.

It was only by a fearful effort of the will that the wretched man did not fall forward. Under his white mask his eyes protruded in an awful stare of agony. His hope had fled at the sight of his implacable, white-faced, calm executioners. Again it had been born.

## Prayer for Life—or Death.

He prayed for life and almost with the same breath prayed, too, that his misery might have some end. He had one brief moment of thought in which he tried to plan some action, however wild, to put some term to his suspense. Again he was a prey to hope, but so strong was this usually benevolent emotion that it shook him like a lion shaking a dog.

His heart lay completely still, or beat with sickening speed, a cold perspiration stuck the folds of the white cap to his livid features. His body quivered with the countless vibrations of a terrible shuddering fit as though it were a treble string.

It was this violent spasmod which had torn from his quivering of the trapdoors which took place after the bolt had been shot. But the dazed spectators saw them move, and instinctively closed their eyes.

Then, again, that final contest between life and death—a battle between men with their duty to fulfil and a machine which suddenly seemed to have developed a will.

## The Machine Wins.

It was a contest which lasted exactly twelve minutes. The executioner pulled the lever a second time. Again the warders put their feet on the platform. Now placing their hands on some support they added their whole weight to that of the prisoner.

The result was that the doors moved slightly.

The condemned man was shaken from top to toe with a horrible convulsion at each of these attempts. Icy fear and fiery hope had alternately seared his consciousness. His mind was a horrible idle blank, and he found himself wondering why the drop did not work as his physical state approached collapse.

It was at the end of the twelfth minute of living death that the governor of the gaol turned tremulously to the pallid under-sheriff a glance of mate.

They looked round upon a scene which is never likely to occur again in an English gaol. The body of the prisoner almost swam slowly side to side under the domain of his awful mental sufferings. Round him were men who kept their haggard faces downwards, as though they dare not look upon their cumulative shame.

## Leal Hill Away!

The under-sheriff moistened his lips and managed to gasp out three words. They were sufficient to stop the hopeless efforts of the executioner. The prisoner was led away.

Outside the shed the white cap was stripped from his pallid features. His head hung over one shoulder, his face was deathly white, his eyes half closed. As he walked he stumbled and had to be carried bodily over one small step on his way to the cell. His hands through the cold and the awful strain were a ghastly blue.

His racked body had hardly been borne away when the executioner and the warders fell upon the trap doors with saw and hatchet; but they were stopped by a gesture from a person in authority.

The under-sheriff, the governor, the doctor, and one or two other officials, staggered away from the shed in very little better plight than John Lee. In a few minutes they were engaged in a consultation as to the proper course to be pursued.

## Excitement of the Crowd.

Outside the gaol the crowd had assumed larger and larger proportions. Anxiously people had watched from different parts of the old city momentarily expecting the black flag to tell them that John Lee had paid the price for his awful crime.

As the time passed and no sign was vouchsafed, they left their houses and formed units of the large crowd on the banks of the Northern Hay and in the North-road. Queer rumours sprang from these new-comers, and gradually the suggestion that

it was decided that the prisoner must not be hanged before the Home Secretary could be seen about the matter. It was also arranged that the drop should be seen to if it were decided that the execution must proceed.

The prisoner was informed of this course. He had recovered his composure, and refused a stimulant which the kindly Governor, moved by his awful sufferings, had ordered him.

The under-sheriff left Exeter for London that very day and saw the Home Secretary, the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

He telegraphed to Exeter that evening that the Home Secretary had decided to respite the prisoner and to recommend that his sentence should be commuted into one of penal servitude.

Sir William Harcourt, in the House of Commons on February 24, stated his grounds for granting the respite. The deceased statesman said, speaking in a very humane way, that it would shock the feelings of everyone if the prisoner had again to undergo the pangs of imminent death.

Such is the story of one of the most awful experiences a human being has ever been called upon to suffer.

## MARKETING BY POST.

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NOTES ON THE PRINCIPAL GAMES.

Extraordinary is the only way to describe some of Saturday's football results. Taking the three first-class "Soccer" leagues I notice that in the First Division of the Football League two clubs won away from home, three matches were drawn, and only four were won by home teams. In the Second Division four matches were won by visiting sides, one was drawn, and three were won by home clubs. In the Southern League four visiting teams were successful, there were two drawn games, and three games were won by home elevens. Probably throughout the season such a curious series of results will not obtain again.

I must congratulate Woolwich Arsenal on the result of their visit to Bury. Granted that the Lancashire club have done very badly indeed in the competition up to now, they had shown marked improvement on the previous Saturday when they visited Sunderland. The Bury forwards, strengthened by the inclusion of Wood and Plant in the team, had wind and sun behind them in the first half. The "Reds'" defence was harassed almost to the point of a breakdown during this trying period, but Ashcroft in goal and Jackson and Gray at back all performed splendidly, and time and again the "Shakers" were sent back.

Now again the Arsenal forwards, playing sound football, were dangerous. Satterthwaite, who at one time was a Bury player, was particularly noticeable in these onslaughts, during which Monteith, who will be remembered as the old West Ham goalkeeper, saved several splendid shots, notably from Coleman and Goings. Try as they might the desperate Bury players, who had lost all their previous matches, could not penetrate the "Reds'" defence, and the little band of devoted Londoners who had followed the fortunes of the team to Lancashire heaved a sigh of relief when half-time came.

It was a much better game in the second half, when the Arsenal forwards, now helped by the elements, set about their task in spirited style. Monteith in goal and Slater at back showed splendid form for Bury, and many good efforts of the "Reds'" were spoilt by this pair of sterling defenders. Once Sagar hit the crossbar of the Arsenal goal with a stinging shot. Just when it seemed that a draw must be the result Gray fouled Ross in the Arsenal penalty area. Sagar took the shot and the little international beat Ashcroft and scored for Bury. With less than two minutes' to go it seemed as though Bury must win.

But it was not to be, for with a despairing effort the Arsenal forwards swarmed to the attack. Briercliffe shot the ball past Monteith, and a great and sensational game ended in a draw of one goal each. It was a fine finish to a splendid exposition of football, and both sides are to be heartily congratulated on their capital display.

To Sheffield Wednesday must be awarded the honour of accomplishing the best performance of the day. Blackpool Rovers, but for their lapse on the previous Saturday at Nottingham against the Forest, had been one of the most consistent sides in the competition. Wednesday had won all their previous matches, and at the end of a fast and furious game at Blackburn the Wednesday were a goal to the good, and won quite on their merits. Little Harry Davis, Wednesday's clever outside right, obtained the only goal. Davis, who was a professional when but fifteen years of age, has been one of the most consistent scorers this season, and although playing at outside right, has found the net six times in five matches. It is only fair to the Rovers to state that they were without Watson, Whitaker, and Birchall, three of their most consistent players. Lyall played a great game in the Sheffield goal.

To Stoke belongs the credit of accomplishing the most unexpected performance. Notts Forest had been positively brilliant in some of their matches, and Stoke had done so poorly that even a crushing defeat must have been anticipated. The "Potters," however, rose to a great occasion, and scoring through Whitehouse in the first three minutes of the game they repelled all the attacks of their opponents and won by a goal to nil.

The other matches ended much as expected, if the fine performance of Sunderland in making a two goals draw against Aston Villa at Birmingham be excepted. Wolverhampton Wanderers beat Derby County pointless at Wolverhampton. Newcastle United defeated Manchester City at Newcastle. Middlesbrough beat Everton at Middlesbrough. Preston North End drew with Small Heath at Preston, and Sheffield United defeated Notts County by 2 to 1 at Sheffield. Clinch, the old Reading back, who is playing for Notts this year was injured, and was off the field during the second

half. Harry Earle, the ex-amanuensis Claptonian, kept a fine goal for Notts.

The London matches in the Southern League, where four games were contested, did not give a single victory to metropolitan football, and the only success enjoyed by a London club was at Luton, where West Ham won by two goals to one. Reading attracted another fine gate to Tottenham, and to the surprise, and no small degree of chagrin, of the supporters of the "Spurs" the Albion secured their one point, as the result of a draw. New Brompton scored a victory over Watford after a stubborn fight at New Brompton, but only by a "penalty" goal.

Naisby played no inconsiderable part in his side's victory. He seemed to anticipate the shots sent in by the "Spurs" forwards, who were much more frequently attacking than the Berkshire men, and saved several brilliantly at close quarters. The feature of the game was the dashing display given by the Reading forwards, and particularly Harris at outside-left, Long at outside-right, and Corrin at centre-forward. They are all big men, with plenty of pace, and they at times seemed to run over the Hotspur half-backs in a manner most unusual with visiting teams at Tottenham. Breathey, however, at left half was hurt, and was a passenger for the greater part of the game.

Not so the Reading halves, of whom Bannister, in the centre, was the best. He always seemed to be treading on Woodward's toes, and the "Spurs" international centre-forward for once in a way was completely overplayed. I have never seen him more ineffective since he burst upon the football firmament like a star at its zenith. Whilst the Tottenham forwards tried to keep the ball close, the Reading van indulged in long, sweeping passes and fierce dashes, and on the day these tactics came off. Kirwan alone of the "Spurs" front rank played up to form, and Tait and Watson at back were frequently at fault with the dashing Reading forwards. Williams in goal was much below his best form.

I was much struck with the splendid defence of Herbert Smith, the old Oxford City back, Reading's amateur captain. He never seemed at fault, and Henderson, his partner, was nearly as brilliant. Riley, the old Millwall man at right half, spoilt an otherwise good display by his unfair attentions to Kirwan, who were "frequent and fierce." As the little Hotspur Irishman retaliated after a time there were all the makings of a very pretty quarrel, but a caution by the referee to Riley brought peace. It was a fine win for Reading, for whom Long, Corrin and Harris scored. Copeland obtained the "Spurs" point.

Millwall should have beaten Bristol Rovers at North Greenwich. In the opening stages, however, the Rovers had a trifling the best of the exchanges. Stevenson, at back, played brilliantly for Millwall, and Joyce in goal made many fine saves, particularly from Griffiths, the Rovers' inside left. Calvey, who made a reappearance in the "Blues'" front rank, seemed to pull the side together. Beats put through for Bristol just before half-time, but the point was withdrawn after the referee had had a long consultation with the other officials.

It was in the second half that Millwall played their best football. Jones shot through on one occasion, but "offside" by Hunter rendered the point valueless. Then Cartilage saved a "penalty" taken by Calvey. Millwall penned their opponents in towards the close, but in spite of a most furious bombardment Cartilage, in the Rovers' goal, was not to be beaten, and so a fast game ended, somewhat disappointingly for Millwall, in a pointless draw. Millwall have yet to win their first Southern League game.

Brentford, like the "Spurs," were soundly trounced by a visiting team. For a time Portsmouth could do nothing right; now they have recovered themselves, and were seen in fine form against the West Londoners. Starting with great dash, they scored through Porteous almost before the players had stretched themselves in earnest to the game. But for the fact that Lee missed a penalty kick the score would have been heavier. Porteous and Cunliffe obtained the other points, and Warrington was responsible for Brentford's goal. Portsmouth were the better team, because they shot better, otherwise there was not much in it.

Fulham were well beaten by Wellingborough in the Northamptonshire town. Since the opening Saturday of the season, when they beat the "Spurs" at Tottenham, Fulham have not won a match in the tournament. Fryer kept a good goal, but was beaten twice, and after four defeats Wellingborough at last got off the mark with a capital performance. At Park Royal the Queen's Park

Still, it was largely due to the fine goal-keeping of Perkins that Northampton were successful. Benbow, the old Notts Forest forward, scored one of Northampton's goals, and the other was obtained after a breakaway in the second half by Marriott. Ryder scored for the Rangers.

Brighton and Hove Albion gave the champions a rare fight at Southampton, as the second half was well advanced before Webb equalised a goal scored by Roberts in the first half. Here again fine goal-keeping played a big part in the game, and it was largely due to Mellors that the Albion secured their one point, as the result of a draw. New Brompton scored a victory over Watford after a stubborn fight at New Brompton, but only by a "penalty" goal.

Two of the best performances have been left to the last. West Ham were hardly expected to beat Luton in the Bedfordshire centre of football. Yet the result of a very fast game was a win for the East Londoners, who scored once in each half, through Fletcher and Bridgeman, won by 2 to 0. Kingsley in goal, Gardner and Bamlett at back, played finely for West Ham, and Bridgeman was excellent at inside left. At Swindon, the Argyle, probably a trifling disjoined by the absence of Robinson in goal, "Andy" Clark at back, and Banks and Buck in the van, met with a surprising defeat by 4 goals to love at the hands of Swindon. On Saturday I dubbed the Wiltshire team the most improved side in the League. They justified the praise, and, playing dashing football, quite won on their merits.

The first round of the F.A. Cup competition, the preliminary round of the Amateur Cup, and the first round of the London Senior Cup were all run through on Saturday but the matches call for no comment. At Ilford the local side gained an easy victory over Olympic. Clapton, who lost Folks through an injury, defeated Oxford City at Oxford by 2 to 1.

The surprise of the Rugby matches was the defeat of Macclesfield, with E. W. Dillon in the three-quarter line, by the Old Lescians. It was no fluke, and the Lescians thoroughly deserved their victory, which came after an uphill battle.

CITIZEN.

SATURDAY'S RESULTS.

ASSOCIATION.

THE LEAGUE—Division I.

Bury (h)	1	Woolwich Arsenal (Brercliffe)	1
Sheffield United (h)	1	Blackburn Rovers (h)	0
Aston Villa (h)	2	Sunderland (Wardell, Hogg)	0
West Ham (h)	2	Manchester City (Vestich, Appleby)	0
Preston North End (h)	2	Small Heath (Smith, 2)	2
Middlesbrough (h)	1	Wixlow, McRoberts (Eveton)	0
Sheffield United (h)	2	Notts County (Green)	1
Stoke (h)	1	Notts Forest (h)	0
Wolverhampton W. (h)	2	Derby County (Bayham, Smith)	0

POSITION OF THE CLUBS.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	For.	Agt.	Pts.
Sheffield W. (1)	1	1	1	0	2	9	6
Preston North End	6	3	2	1	9	6	8
Wolverhampton W. (8)	6	4	2	0	10	9	8
Sheffield U. (5)	8	5	3	0	12	11	7
Aston Villa (6)	7	5	3	1	11	11	7
Blackpool (6)	5	2	3	0	8	6	6
Everton (5)	6	5	3	0	7	6	6
Middlesbrough (4)	6	2	5	1	8	11	5
Notts Forest (3)	6	2	5	1	7	11	5
Blackpool (2)	5	1	2	2	4	6	4
Woolwich Arsenal (5)	5	1	2	2	3	5	4
Stoke (10)	5	2	3	0	10	9	3
Bury (12)	5	0	4	1	4	14	1

Division II.

Burnley	2	Doveras Rovers (h)	0
Barnsley	2	Burton United (h)	0
Lincoln City	2	Brentford Park Vale (h)	0
Gainsborough Trinity	4	Leicester Fosse (h)	0
Walsall (h)	2	Grimsby Town (h)	0
Blackpool (h)	1	Bolton Wanderers (h)	0
Bolton Wanderers (h)	1	Bradford City (h)	0
Bristol City (h)	1	Wolverhampton W. (h)	0

SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I.

Millwall (h)	0	Bristol Rovers	0
Reading (h)	3	Tottenham Hotspur (h) (Copeland)	0
Walsall (h)	2	Long, Corrin, Harris (h)	0
Wolverhampton W. (h)	2	Luton (h)	0
Nottingham (h)	2	Queen's Park Rangers (h) (Ryder)	1
New Brompton (h)	1	Watford (h)	0

Division II.

Woking (h)	2	Fulham (Graham)	1
Portsmouth (2)	3	Brentford (h)	1
Southampton (h)	1	Portsmouth (h) (Webb)	0
Swindon (h)	4	Plymouth Argyle (Roberts)	0
Swindon (11)	2	Portsmouth (h) (Lyon)	0

POSITIONS OF THE CLUBS.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	For.	Agt.	Pts.
Southampton (1)	1	2	0	0	12	9	6
Nottingham (15)	5	4	1	0	9	7	8
Swindon (10)	6	4	2	0	12	6	8
Portsmouth (5)	6	2	0	0	10	16	5
New Brompton (18)	5	2	0	3	8	5	7
West Ham (12)	6	2	1	3	7	4	6
Brentford (4)	6	2	1	3	7	4	6
Portsmouth (4)	5	2	2	0	10	11	5
Tottenham H. (2)	5	2	2	1	4	5	5
Plymouth A. (9)	5	2	3	0	9	8	4
Watford (h)	5	2	0	0	4	4	4
Luton T. (8)	6	1	4	1	3	9	3
Wellingborough (14)	5	1	4	0	3	12	2
Brentford (15)	5	0	4	1	3	8	1

Division II.

Brighton and H. Res. (h)	2	Southampton Reserves ..	0
Southall	2	Wromouth Wanderers (h)	0

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—Division I.

Dundee (h)	2	Motherwell (h)	0
Aberdeen (h)	0	Third Lanark (h)	0
Gresley Morton (h)	0	Glasgow Rangers (h)	0
Saint Mirren (h)	2	Hibernian (h)	0
Partick Thistle (h)	0	Heart of Midlothian (h)	0
Celtic (h)	3	Queen's Park (h) ..	2

F.A. CUP—Qualifying Competition—First Round.

Hastings (h)	6	St. Leonards ..	0
Eastbourne Old Town (h)	9	Hove (h) (Wells Wall (h))	1
West Ham United (h)	4	Crouch End Vampires (h)	1
Northern United (h)	1	Guards' Depot (h)	0
Marlborough United (h)	2	Halesowen (h)	0
Uxbridge (h)	0	Maidstone (h)	0
Coventry (h)	2	Walsall (h)	0
Uxbridge (h)	0	Southend (h)	0
Woking (h)	2	St. Albans (h)	0
Grays (h)	0	Southend (h)	0
Woking (h)	0	Southend (h)	0
Civil Service (h)	0	Woking (h)	0
London (h)	0	Kensington Town (h) ..	2

AMATEUR CUP—Qualifying Round.

Numnah (h)	7	Lewisham Montrouge (h)	0
Lee (h)	1	Woolwich Polytechnic (h)	0
New Brompton Amateurs (h)	4	Northfleet United (h)	3
West Brixton (h)	5	Everleigh (h)	2
Redhill (h)	0	Greenford (h)	0

LONDON SENIOR CUP—(Qualifying Competition—First Round).

Wimbledon Old Ctrb. (h)	2	Goldsmiths' Institute (h)	0
Albion Works (h)	0	Muswell Hill (h)	0
W. H. W. Dillon (h)	0	Child's Hill Imperial (h)	0
Worsley (h)	0	Child's Hill Imperial (h)	0
Worsley (h)	0	Grosvenor (h)	0
Worsley (h)	0	Grove Park (h)	0
Old Foresthillians (h)	2	Ilford Park (h)	1
First Grenadiers (h)	0	Ilford Park (h)	1

AMATEUR CUP—Qualifying Round.

Hill (h)	7	Olympic (h)	1
Denbigh (h)	0	Denbigh Welsh (h)	0
Essex Wanderers (h)	3	West Ham (h)	0
Worcester School (h)	1	West Kent Regiment (h)	1
Clarendon (h)	2	Woking (h)	0
Harrow (h)	0	Woking (h)	0
Harrow (h)	0	Worcester School (h)	0
West Ham (h)	0	Worcester School (h)	0
West Ham (h)	0	Worcester School (h)	0
West Ham (h)	0	Worcester School (h)	0

OTHER MATCHES.

Newport (h)	7	Old Merchant Taylors (h)	0
Harlequins (h)	0	Old Merchant Taylors (h)	0
Old Town (h)	0	Old Merchant Taylors (h)	0
Old Town (h)	0	Old Merchant Taylors (h)	0
Old Town (h)	0	Old Merchant Taylors (h)	0
Old Town (h)	0	Old Merchant Taylors (h)	0
Old Town (h)	0	Old Merchant Taylors (h)	0

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Millwall: Millwall v. Tottenham Hotspur, 3.30.
West Ham: West Ham v. Southampton, 3.30.
Bristol: Bristol Rovers v. Brentford.

WEST-ESSEX LEAGUE.

Derby: Derby County v. Woking (h).
Southgate: Southgate v. St. Albans (h).
St. Albans: St. Albans v. Woking (h).

OTHER MATCHES.

# SPECULATIONS.

onnetta Wins the Molesley Handicap for Sir E. Vincent.

## NOTTINGHAM SELECTIONS.

There was excellent sport at Hurst Park on Saturday, and not the least notable feature of the day was the winning of the October Plate by Wargrave. It was a capital trial for the Cesarewitch, Mr. Bottomley's horse successfully giving Wargrave, and a beating over a mile and five furlongs Bellitor Tor.

Wargrave's claim at 7st. 9lb. has always been recognised for the big handicap, and this performance gives great confidence to his supporters. The best price now obtainable about him is 100 to 7, his place in the market is again held by Dean Swift, who has returned to favouritism, after figuring for some days as a shuttlecock. The three powerful stables owned respectively by Blackwell, Mr. Gilpin, and Greusel, show unabated faith in Cesarewitch, Roe O'Neill, and St. Patrick's Day.

It was a week of trials bearing directly on the best handicaps. None came more successfully than Wargrave and Wild Oats. And the general trend of opinion is dead against Foundry, whose form behind Rock Sand, Henry the First, and William Rufus in the Jockey Club Stakes was not considered satisfactory. At any rate, as much as 20 to 1 can now be obtained against this recent colt. He has already been very heavily backed. One bookmaker alone has laid against Wargrave to lose some £15,000. The stable still professes to be quite as hopeful as ever of winning.

### Mr. Hennings' Candidate.

Possibly we may see Mr. Hennings run Galapagos as well as Foundling in the Cesarewitch, but the master will not be ready, and we shall have to wait a considerable time before seeing him fit. Everything goes well with Roe O'Neill, who is seen with Pretty Polly. It is said Delaunay makes a slight noise, but nothing of consequence, the colt is firmly at the top of the quotations for the Cambridgeshire. The market gives no real clue as to which is the better of Fallon's pair. The ultimate choice may rest on Hackler's pride. This 2st. 2nd running away last year, but now comes 2st. running now carries 8st. 10lb., the same weight as Delaunay, so the latter must be more than a 7lb. better horse at weight-for-age to beat Hackler's pride.

Some of the interest attaching to the Molesley Park Autumn Handicap—a race for 1,000 sows in over six furlongs—disappeared when it was

found that St. Brendan was not a competitor.

The Irish horse had been sent across the Channel, but failed to reach Hurst Park.

But there were no fewer than sixteen runners, among them some of the smartest sprinters in training. Favouritism

rested with the Stewards' Cup winner, Melayr, and there was plenty of money for Roseate Dawn,

equilibrium, and Donnetta.

### Successful Day.

This quartette did almost all the fighting, relay made nearly all the running. He got rid of Beguilement in the fifth furlong, and was only eight and beaten by Donnetta in the last few strides. Roseate Dawn finishing two lengths further back. Sharples, drawn on the extreme right, tried hard in the hunt to get inside on Schamps. He succeeded, but at the close got shot in on the rails, and Edgar Vincent was present to see Donnetta. His young trainer, R. Day, deserves great commendation for the excellent work he has done in season.

## SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

### NOTTINGHAM.

0.—Castle Selling Plate—CRICKET.  
35.—Bestwood Nursery Plate—LITTLE DOLLY.  
10.—Lenton Firs Plate—MAROZZO.  
45.—Nottingham Handicap—IMARI.  
5.—Trent Selling Plate—GLENFINELLA.  
45.—Rufford Abbey Maiden—QUEEN OF THE LASSIES.

### SPECIAL SELECTION.

#### IMARI.

#### GREY FRIARS.

## THE TWO BEST THINGS.

"The Squire's" double for Nottingham to-day is follows:—

35.—Bestwood Nursery—LITTLE DOLLY.  
45.—Nottingham Handicap—D'ORSAY.

## PLACED HORSES AND PRICES AT HURST PARK.

### IRDS' NURSERY HANDICAP.

Madeira 2 10 1  
Schorse 3 10 1

Placed by J. Woods.

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